

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. I.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

No. 31.

Published every Saturday Morning,
THOMAS W. PEGUES,
Publisher of the Laws of the Union.

At three dollars in advance; three dollars and fifty cents in six months; or four dollars at the expiration of the year.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square for the first, and 37 1/2 for each subsequent insertion.—The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly. One dollar per square will be charged for a single insertion.

Semi-monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements will be charged the same as new ones each insertion.

All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public Offices of profit or trust—or puffing exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.

Accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment, quarterly.

All Letters by mail must be post paid to insure unpunctual attention.

PROSPECTUS

Of a New Weekly Paper to be published in Augusta, Georgia, entitled

THE SOUTHERNER.

"Principles—Not Men."

IN order to expose and counteract the misrepresentations and falsehoods so unblushingly resorted to and disseminated by the federal whig presses of the country, in the present contest for the Presidency, and in order to place before the people of Georgia, a faithful account of past and passing events, as they relate to the questions at issue, we shall begin the publication of a weekly sheet, on Saturday, 6th of June next, which will terminate on the 31st October following. We have been urged on to the adoption of this undertaking, by many of our political friends, who have seen as well as ourselves, the unscrupulous and highly censurable course pursued by our opponents, which, instead of being marked by honorably and just feelings, is characterized by a perversion and distortion of well authenticated facts, and a feeling of hatred degrading to human nature, and to the respect which should be entertained by citizens of the same country, however wide may be the difference in their political opinions. This paper will not be betrayed into a like course towards our opponents; but it will expose, in strong language and with undoubted proofs, the misrepresentations and falsifications which may be resorted to, in order to prejudice the sensitive mind, to deceive the unwary, and to lead astray the unsuspecting. In this undertaking, we hope to receive a support adequate to the object in view. By the dissemination of this sheet, much and useful information will be imparted to those who wish to act, in the present contest, with impartiality and with an eye single to the public good. With these few remarks, we place the undertaking under the care of our political friends, to whatever party denomination they may have heretofore belonged, for we consider as political friends all those citizens who, governed by patriotism alone, support men only for the sake of principle, and the welfare of the country. We must show to the people of the United States the danger of the Rights of the States, and of the State Institutions, protected by the Constitution, threatened as they are by a party which, disregarding honest and fair means to obtain power, employ the basest expedients to rally around its standard, men of all political descriptions, of all political hues, and of all degrees of political degeneracy.

The Southerner will be printed on a large sheet, every Saturday, from the 6th June, to the 31st October, for One Dollar, payable in advance. As postmasters are authorized to transmit money for subscriptions to newspapers, persons wishing to subscribe to the Southerner can request their respective postmasters to transmit to us the amount of subscription.

GUIEU & THOMPSON.

Augusta, May 11, 1840.

Sale of Steam Engine.

ON the first Monday in July next, will be sold before the Court House door in Camden, at 12 o'clock, M., the Engine of the Steamer Camden, on a credit till first of January next. The purchaser to give a note with good security, to be approved by the Agent.

This Engine was made by Watchman & Bratt, of Baltimore, and is said by judges to be an excellent one, and is now in good order.

The Furniture belonging to the Boat will be sold at the same time and place, and on the same terms.

The Engine may be treated for at private sale.

JOHN ROSSER, Agent.
Camden, May 28. 6:26

Sperm Oil.

THE subscribers have just received a supply of superior Sperm Oil.

JONES & HUGHSON.

April 10.

THE CASKET,

AND

Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS!

Prospectus for a New Volume.

THE great increase in the subscription list of the Casket, which has nearly doubled since the commencement of the last volume, warrants the most extensive improvements on the first of July, 1840—at which time a new volume will be commenced with increased vigor. Nothing need be said of the firm basis on which the Casket stands, it being already the oldest magazine in the country, and has maintained its popularity in the face of all opposition. It is to be found upon the centre table of families making literary pretensions, from Maine to Georgia.

TYPE—EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Casket is printed with a clear and beautiful type, upon the whitest paper. The illustrations are not surpassed by those of any periodical at home or abroad; and besides the monthly steel engravings, a quarterly plate of colored fashions has lately been added. The style of these embellishments is unequalled, and they are accompanied with an appropriate sketch. No wood cuts disgrace the work. **WHATSOEVER APPEARS IN THE CASKET IS OF THE FIRST ORDER OF ART.**

The volume will be opened with the first of a series of Mezzotint engravings, prepared expressly for the work, by the burin of Sartain, who deservedly stands as the best engraver of the kind in the United States.

LITERARY CHARACTER.

The literary character of the Casket is well known. It is wholly original, of the highest order and sustained by writers of the FIRST RANK. Essays; Tales; Sketches, and Travels, compose its prominent prose articles; while the poetry is equalled by that of no other magazine of like character. The variety for which the Casket is celebrated, shall suffer no diminution; but on the contrary, every exertion shall be made to increase its interest.

SEVERAL SKETCHES OF THE REVOLUTION have already appeared, and others shall follow in the course of the volume, presenting when finished a complete picture of the manners, and a historical account of the great battles of that time. Thus, the Casket, instead of being filled with sickly sentimentalities, aims at a true delineation of human nature in every variety of character.

The series of thrilling Nautical Sketches, entitled "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," and which are rated by the cotemporary press equal to the celebrated Sketches from "TOM CRINGLE'S LOG," and the "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio," which have attained a deserved celebrity will still furnish attractions to the Magazine.

We shall furnish the readers of the Casket with some valuable papers from entirely new contributors. "The Author of 'OLD IRON SIDES OFF A LEE SHORE,'" will give the first of a number of Sketches in the July number. We count upon his prolific and graceful pen to do much in maintaining the great popularity of the Magazine. In addition to the variety already embraced in the pages of the Magazine, our ASSYRIAN LETTERS the first of which appeared in the June number as introductory, will interest and add worth to its pages. They are from no unpractised pen.

FASHIONS.

The fashions are published in the Casket quarterly, or as often as any really new styles arrive from Paris. The Engravings are all colored, and executed from original designs. No old worn out plates are re-touched, and then published as the latest fashions. The truth of our designs may be tested by comparing them with the latest description of dresses from London and Paris. They are universally admitted to be the finest specimen of engraving and coloring afforded by any Magazine in this country. The expense of getting them up is great, but we shall in no-wise abate the quality. Remember! The readers of the Casket are furnished with these fashion plates as AN EXTRA.—They do not interfere with the regular and choice engravings which always accomplish the work.

TIME OF PUBLICATION

The Casket is published on the first of every month, in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscriber consequently receives it on that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia.—In all the principal cities agents have been established, by which means subscribers in the vicinity can obtain their copies free of Postage.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS per annum. Or two copies yearly for FIVE DOLLARS. If no new subscriber received without the money, or the name of a responsible agent.

Published by **GEORGE GRAHAM,**
June 20th 1840. 36, Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

THE EVERGREEN;

A Monthly Magazine of New and Popular Tales, Poetry and Engravings.

THE characteristic feature of this work is signified and portrayed in its title. The monthly wreath we intend offering to our readers shall be literally composed of "Evergreens." Our design is to collect into a shape at once neat and suitable for preservation, the best and most interesting specimens of periodical and fugitive literature of the day; to carefully separate the chaff from the wheat, the dross from the fine gold, and to present a compendium, which, like good wine, shall be heightened in value by age, and be, in the language of our motto, "perennial and fragrant."

Of course it will require a proper exercise of taste to render a magazine, formed on this plan, the richest depository of elegant and entertaining literature ever published, and this we seriously mean the "Evergreen" shall be; for we are quite sure we have the materials to render it so. We can boast of a more brilliant list of contributors than any contemporaneous periodical, as may be seen by glancing at the contents of our present number. Indeed, there is no author honorably known to fame in these or any former times, to whose productions we do not have access. We shall always aim, however, at presenting what is new and comparatively original to the readers of this country; believing at the same time, that an old familiar piece, so it be excellent in itself is far preferable to an original article having no claim upon the attention of persons of refined literary taste.

A portion of the talent of the age, in this country and in Great Britain, has been exercised in the periodical department of literature. We need not mention the names of Campbell, Wilson, Bulwer, Washington Irving, Jeffries, Lockhart, Knowles, Moore, Maryatt, Ainsworth, Miss Mitford, Præd, Mrs. Hemans, T. K. Hervey, Barry Cornwall, T. Hood, Poole, Leigh Hunt, and hundreds of other distinguished and agreeable writers, to prove this fact. These and many others of eminence have given brilliancy to the magazine literature of the last ten years; and such of the productions of these as may be new and uncollected, shall find a "loca habitation" in the Evergreen.

Our work will be embellished with engravings on wood or on steel, and each number will contain 56 pages neatly printed.

Terms, \$2 in advance. Published by J. Winchester, 23, Ann-Street, New York.

POETRY.

FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

A gentleman from the United States on his travels through Europe, visited Antwerp. Among the shipping, in the port of that city, he observed, for the first time, after a long interval, the banner of his country. The welcome sight called forth the most thrilling and indescribable emotions, commingling the glow of honest patriotism, and the delightful reminiscences of home. An effusion of his muse, on the occasion, may not be unacceptable to your readers, nor inappropriate to the National Jubilee.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Spangled Banner of Freedom! ay, wave o'er the ocean,

And flash in the sunlight, as high thou shouldst be;
Right dear to this heart in its tearful emotion,
Are thy stars and thy stripes, thou flag of the free.

What son of Columbia, alone and a stranger,
Though o'er the wide world he is destined to roam,
Knows not that with thee, there is safety from danger,
And feels not the freedom of ever lov'd home?

O! dark must become the sun-beam of feeling,
In this desolate heart that warms not to thee;
And still the last pulse, death's stupor revealing,
That throbs not, my country, for thy flag of the free.

Not only thine offspring, but in thy protection,
Finds the stranger a home, whatever his birth—
On thy baldrick is scrolled telegraphic direction,
To the land of the bravest and fairest on earth.

When Liberty first had assigned to each nation,
The meed of her gifts, which to fate should agree,
She tore from the skies, a whole constellation
Of stars and of light, for the flag of the free.

The stars, to illumine the sky of thy power,
And the stripes, as the lightning to flash from thy ear,
When darkly the storm-clouds of faction may lower,
Or tyrants draw down the vengeance of war.

Spangled banner of freedom, resplendent in story,
Wave proudly thy folds o'er the land and the sea,
Till empires in bondage catch a beam of thy glory,
And shine by its light, thou flag of the free.

Undimmed be a star of that galaxy glorious,
Ever potent its light which no cloud can obscure!
For truth and for justice be ever victorious,
And wisdom and peace to all mankind secure.

So shall the glad nations, in friendship perennial,
Break off from thy thralldom by Freedom's decree;
And earth hail the dawn of the glory millennial—
Its type and its pledges are thine, flag of the free

FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

MELODY.—AFTER THE PERSIAN.

In Selma's green and sunny grove,
Where vines sweet lime trees wreath'd,
Aster's harp for absent love,
A plaintive sonnet breathed,
It was the sound her Hafiz lov'd,
His hopes, his joys, it spoke;
Again the slender string she mov'd,
When enviously, it broke.

Ah! this is, said the weeping maid,
The sum of early years;
No joy around them ever play'd,
But left the heart in tears.

ISLA.

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

SCRAPS FROM AN OLD PORTFOLIO.

Society is to mannerism what the chisel is to a block of marble. The fashion and use of the statue depend upon the skill and taste of sculptor. In this sense all men are truly the creatures of education.

One of the strongest arguments in proof of the divine origin of christianity is to be found in its effects upon the world. Where do the most flourishing institutions exist for the melioration of human want and misery? Where are the wisest laws for the support of truth, justice, and mercy? Where do the moral virtues; and the charities of human life most prevail? In Christendom. And those facts are stronger arguments than abstract reasonings or theories of moral sentiment.

Love of fame is one of the most powerful desires. Few can brook neglect.—And there are others who prefer to be spoken of lightly and irreverently than to be unnoticed. Empedocles cast himself into the crater of Mount Etna, to perpetuate his memory. That anxiety for posthumous fame was only a modification of the passion for life. It is true that the madman put an end to his earthly existence; but what was his object, if not to live in the remembrance of others? The same feeling is witnessed in the erection of tombs and effigies to the departed; and in the portraits and statues of the living. A sentiment coeval with the race may be received in proof of the soul's immortality. And so predominant is its influence, that the question arises, whether the torments of endless punishment would be more frightful to anticipate than the horror of annihilation?

Who is the happiest man in the world? The child of God. Experience testifies to the sacred declarations, that neither faith nor virtue can effectually shield the heart and life from the entailed miseries of human nature. Indeed obedience to the will of God may be the cause of extraordinary trials and sufferings, which are in the proper time and way, more than counterbalanced by effusions of grace, for the support and reward of virtue. The pillar of fire led the camp of the Israelites through the red sea, and the howling wilderness. But the cloud covered the people of God from the vengeance of their oppressor, and they were miraculously fed by the bread of heaven. It was a virtue noted in Anotides, and Epaminondas, that they would not lie, nor prevaricate, not in sport. Epictetus thought that purchase dearly paid for, that cost flattery.

FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

The judicious and impressive remarks of Viator relating to the sacred depository of the dead, have induced the writer of this article to select few interesting details on cemeteries, connected with the history of the French revolution, beginning with the first general and salutary measures adopted in 1790. The national assembly, at that period, passed a law, expressly prohibiting interment within Churches, and commanding all towns and villages to discontinue the use of the old burial places, and form others at a distance from their dwellings. Soon after, the revolutionary tyranny commenced, when death was officially declared to be an eternal sleep, and the dead were buried without any ceremony, no memorials being erected to denote the spot where they lay, or "claim the passing tribute of a sigh." The reign of terror ceased with the fall of the mighty monster Robespierre, for whom the following epitaph was well penned:

"Ye who pass by his grave, need not weep that he's gone,
Had he lived—ye would now be as cold as this stone."

Sober ideas revived, and some beneficial regulations were made, to enclose cemeteries for the use of Paris, of a certain extent, and at the distance of one mile from the walls; but they appear to have been disregarded, until an imperial decree was issued by one who was not accustomed to allow his orders to be trifled with. This decree (1804) renewed the prohibitions against interments in cities and churches, directed high ground, exposed to the north, to be chosen for cemeteries, with separate distanced graves, not to be re-opened, until after 5 years; and another imperial decree (1811) regulated the whole funeral business of the metropolis; which law is still in force.

Of the present cemeteries of Paris, that of Pere la Chaise, visited by the writer, is the most considerable and interesting, from its advantageous situation on the north-east of the city, upon the slope of a hill, surrounded by luxuriant valleys and rising grounds, with the fine and picturesque view it commands, which occasioned such a demand for its graves, that it has been enlarged until it now comprehends an extent of nearly 100 acres.—The purchase of a perpetual right in the ground for a grave, entitles the owner to bring the remains from any part of the city, or even of the kingdom; which privilege has been so extensively used, that the burial-ground now contains the names of most of the illustrious dead of modern France. Hence arise the number and beauty of its monuments, in the form of temples, sepulchral chapels, funeral vaults, pyramids and obelisks, or presenting piers, columns, altars, urns and tombs variously formed and ornamented. The monument of the unfortunate Abelard and Heloise, attracts the most attention, from its dimension and beauty; and the traveler, perhaps in "sad similitude of grief," cannot help to exclaim; at the melancholy sight—

"Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him their end, their tender story tell."

There also are deposited the remains of Young's Varcissa, who died in the south of France, which, it is said, were sought for, found and becomingly interred by the celebrated tragedian Talma and Madame Petit. Eminent literary, military and political names, are commemorated by monuments, rallying around them groups

attracted by pious sorrow, curiosity or recreation. Catholics, Protestants and Jews are alike buried, and have alike their monuments. No ungodliness of zeal, no sectarian feeling intervenes to repress the universal love of mankind, the spirit of toleration. Each follows undisturbed, in sweet musing melancholy, the path to the grave of a departed friend, amid a fresh and smiling vegetation, kept in perpetual verdure by a sufficient supply of water, conveyed by a subterranean canal, mingling elysian sensations with the solemn surrounding scene. On Sundays, particularly, the cemetery is much resorted to by the inhabitants of the capital, as are those of Montmartre, of Vaugirard, of St. Catherine, and of Mont-Parnasse, all laid out in a picturesque style, and with monuments in good taste. That of Pere la Chaise is entirely surrounded by walls. The gate of the proper cemetery is in the centre of a semi-circular recess, decorated on each side with piers and funeral ornaments. On the gate is a latin inscription from the book of Job, xix 25; on the right is another from John, x. 25; and on the left, one from the book of Wisdom, iii. 5.

It was stated in 1830, that upwards of 100,000, bodies had been interred in this cemetery. Of this number; the friends and families of 15,900 had erected monuments over their remains, of which 1,500 were rendered objects of more than ordinary attention, by some striking peculiarity, by their neatness, or magnificence, or from the interest connected with the names they commemorate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE JOURNAL

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.

My 3, 5, 7, 2, 8, is a dandy's constant companion.

My 7, 5, 4, is a very useful and very extensively used article.

My 2, 4, 7, 8, is only found in perfection in enlightened countries.

My 8, 1, 2, 6, is a beautiful bird.

My 3, 2, 7, is an animal usually found about all houses.

My 1, 5, 3, while it is dreaded by some, and longed for by others, is generally found to be a curse to the human family.

My 1, 2, 6, 7, is something to which all mankind are subject, and from which no one is entirely free, but which might be in a great measure removed by following the example of the creature whose name is spelt by my 2, 6, 7 letters.

My whole is a most unwelcome visitor, but indispensably necessary to the safety of the country.

An answer is requested.

X * Y

Dreadful Revenge.—We mentioned some time ago the murder, in Indiana, of a Miss Orr, by her sweetheart, without stating the particulars. It seems that a Mr. Johnson had for several years paid his addresses to the young lady, though in opposition to the will of her parents. At length he proposed; but Miss Orr, though manifestly fond of him, declared her determination never to marry against her parents' consent. Johnson was of a vindictive temperament, and to revenge himself on the parents, he invited Miss Orr to accompany him in a walk to a grove, about half a mile from her father's house, where he perpetrated the bloody tragedy, by first stabbing her through the body with a long and sharp pointed knife, and then cutting her throat. He then repaired to Mr. Orr's house with the bloody knife in his hands, where he stated what he had done, and disappeared before he could be arrested. This is said to be a true statement of the dreadful affair.—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

St. Augustine, June 19.

Indian News.—The latest Indian news is that a party of volunteers under Capt. Greene, between the Ocala and Suwannee rivers, surprised a party of Indians, killing two and taking 10 prisoners. Among those taken was one so very light, that he was mistaken for a white man. On being questioned he remained mute, and the officer questioning him being provoked at the seeming obstinacy of the supposed white man, struck him on the head with the butt of his pistol with such force as to kill him.

The rumor that Col. Harney had killed and captured a number of Indians is untrue.

"How I love thee, none can tell," as the loafer said to the gin bottle.

"What an awful end," as the Jackass said when his tail was bobbed.